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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1877.

THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

A lonely Smiles, which milled in sadness,  
Once a smiling girl, which sighed in gladness,  
A smileless girl, which gazed in gladness,  
To give a restless mortal ease.

The Smiles and Sighs were formed a union—  
A union of smiling, blood—  
Whereby, in brotherly communion,  
Each Worked to give the other rest.

Then, mutually their toils reliving,  
They lived in peaceful light and shade;  
No pity jealousy concerning;  
Of night, not even Doubt, afraid.

And when, with friendship still unbroken,  
Pale and wan there to a pale to pale,  
Each of the other kept a secret  
To prove the two were one at heart.

For, smiling, the high to heaven was carried  
With the smile, the smile on earth still carries;  
And lets her charms toilles toilles day.

THEIR then, this world was often dreary,  
But since then, (on the legend next),  
Death's sick gives life unto the weary;  
Life's smile itself illuminates Death.

## TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

As for Mr. Venner, he had no desire to let Ada know that this is a world of sin and sorrow. There was something very fresh and shining in this clear, unquenchable fire of hers; then, too, he always felt better after witnessing it, though he sometimes shook his head sadly, and murmured:

"Let her enjoy while she can; she will leave it all soon."

He had learned it sooner than he had thought; by his slow experience, as he had hoped she might, but by sudden and bitter sorrow. And while all that the blow was not a heavy one? What sorrow can equal that of the year? Like the destructive avalanche, it sweeps down on its unsuspecting victims, crushing them beneath its weight, even while smiles of joy are yet upon the fresh young lips. Thus Ada's first sorrow had come upon her. It had not quite crushed her, however, for youth is very impulsive of life, and at seventeen, let one's sorrow be what they may, one seldom over wishes to die. Yet it was hard, very, very hard. Only yesterday she was a favorite of fortune, a pet of society—the beloved of one dearer to her than the whole world could, whose love would grow cold when he saw her hurried from her proud pedestal—to day, she was poor, disgraced, with every hope and aspiration crushed, her life no better than a blank. There were no tears in her eyes; but she wrung her hands in agony, meaning like a wounded fawn. And the fire died out, and smoldered into ashes, the rain still sifted through the tree-tops, and the rain dropped on, and the first faint streaks of daylight slid softly into the room. Then she rose from her chair, and straightened her cramped and tired limbs, and went out in body and mind, threw herself on the bed to snatch, if possible, a few hours' repose. Her sleep was deep and dreamless, and when she awoke the sun was shining in a broad glare into the window.

The night's agony was gone; for sleep is a great healer of sorrow when one is young and strong, and in its place there was only a dull sense of pain. With an effort to shake off even this, she rose from the bed, and crossed the room to the window. Every cloud had disappeared, and the sky was of that intense blue common only to America and Italy. With the sunshine, hope came to her also. The agony of last night seemed the memory of a dark and bitter dream. Why had she been so foolish as to give up to melancholy thoughts because the night was gloomy? What right had she to doubt Harry Delmont when he had given her no cause? Let the world be what it might she would trust it while she could. Still she could not rid herself of that dull, heavy sense of pain; but smothering it as best she could, she hurried through her toilet and went down to the dining room. Her father came forward to meet her, and kissed her good morning.

"We will have breakfast right away," he said, "your mother will not be down."

When breakfast was over, they went to the library. He seated her as they entered the room, himself remaining standing. Two or three times he crossed the room with rapid step, and then stopped before her and said abruptly:

"Your mother, we can do nothing that will annoy her; but here this trial with more force to it. She is really ill this morning, and deserves her mother's care to get up."

"For fear not, I have done all I can. Mamma is cold enough, however, to understand that that which can't be cured must be endured," he said, a flush of her old childish petulance breaking through the calm, womanly demeanor she had assumed since the previous morning.

He smiled a very weary smile. "We must remember that mamma is very different from you, my love. There is very little of the stuff which heroes are made in her composition, and we must try and bear with her. I am trying to arrange my affairs in a way that when the crash comes there will be no little confusion as possible; so I shall be busy at the store until time for dinner. Try and amuse her, and keep her mind off from her trouble as much as you can."

"There is no hope of saving our residence here, I suppose; paper. I care not for myself, but mamma would be better satisfied."

"None, whatever," Mr. Venner answered, slowly, as if loath to crush the little hope his daughter might have. "It is already heavily mortgaged, and if it were not, in our present circumstances, it would be impossible for us to keep up a prudently dwelling. I have one, however, that is unoccupied—and not so stately a one as this, but very cosy and comfortable."

"The little cottage with pointed gables and green blinds which I situated so much the last time I was out riding with you?" explained Ada. "The one with

rows of trees on each side of the walks and the pretty greenery in the garden?"

"The same," answered Mr. Venner. "It is quite remote from the business part of the city. The street cars run near it, however, which is an advantage at least."

"Oh, it will be a delightful home!" Ada said, with honest enthusiasm. "I am sure I shall like it, and I shall try and prevail on mamma to like it, and we shall be so contented and so quiet, that we shall soon forget that we ever had a home like this."

"Quiet! There was a charm in the very word. To Mr. Venner's ears it was as a strain of sweet music. It was the very thing for which he had sighed all those years, and for the loss of his hard-earned wealth he would have rejoiced that there was a hope of gaining it at last.

"God bless you my brave child," he said, tenderly. "You have more than fulfilled my hopes of you, Ada, and I thank Heaven for giving me such a daughter."

"Don't have too much confidence in me, papa," Ada answered, very humbly. "I grew very I sometimes almost ridiculous, I fear, though I try very hard to look on the bright side of things."

"We all have weak moments while under affliction, my child," he answered, gently. "Heaven grants that you may never have worse affliction than the loss of position and wealth, and I am content."

She knew of what he was thinking, and her heart grew heavy as lead.

"If a woman affirms come to me," she answered, with quivering lips. "I shall bear it as best I can. I have learned in the last two days that this is all we can do."

When her father had left her, she went up to her mother's room. She found her still bed—still bewailing her sad fate.

"Are you better this morning, mamma?" Ada said, in her clear, bell-like voice, bending over and kissing her.

"Better?" she ejaculated with a jerk, which made Ada give an involuntary start. "You talk as if I were suffering physical pain. My sufferings are of the mind, not of the body. I shall never be better in this world, for my sorrow will be continually augmented instead of lightened. I shall be slighted even by those whom I have raised by my influence to their present position in society. The crash has come, and it was but little short of a catastrophe."

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